

Mr. New-love, a grave, semi-respectable gentleman, with a somewhat seedy-looking coat—in fact, it has been turned several times—and a head that seems to have a tendency to turn also, would imagine that my efforts were directed towards opening a near, and therefore an improved way to heaven. He has already patronised, for a short distance, several recently constructed lines, in which the rails, according to the advertisements, have been successfully laid through to the better country, though I confess many of these roads look dangerous and unpromising enough. I have no doubt that he would withdraw his patronage from his last favourite, and honor me with his countenance, if I gave him encouragement; but I will none of him.

My young friend, Mephibosheth Bosh, would, undoubtedly, be attracted by my discourse, if sufficiently embellished with new-coined and high-sounding terms. Originally endowed with an active, but by no means powerful intellect, he has become partially insane upon the subject of Science. Having observed persons of weak or disordered nerves exhibit certain strange freaks, he imagined that he had discovered the elements of various new sciences; and he has already constructed several systems, somewhat remarkable for ingenuity, and very remarkable for their absurdity. Like most insane individuals, he occasionally acts rationally enough; so much so, indeed, as to excite the suspicion that a little of the knave is mixed up in his character; but all doubts as to the reality of his unfortunate condition of mind vanish, when he is closely watched. He has been seen endeavouring to discover a particular kind of liquor, by examining the raised figures on the flask in which it was contained. These prominences, with others, the products of his disordered imagination, he has traced on a kind of chart, adding to each a number and a name. He has thus formed a basis for a new science, which he terms Vinology. Any unusual noise he attributes to the agency of disembodied spirits. He has even deluded himself into the belief, that he can summon and dismiss these ethereal visitants at his pleasure.

I have no desire to enrol this young man upon the list of my adherents. My modesty, should I strike his fancy, would take the alarm at the vehemence of his admiration. He would, doubtless, see in me, to use his own peculiar dialect, a being of transcendent genius, whose sublime mission it was to fulgurate upon the adumbrations of the anthropine intellectual, the illuminating radiations of a new and marvellous phreno-bio-psycho-medio-logical system of philosophy; at whose talismanic touch the various mighty problems which had hitherto constituted the *opprobrium scientia*, would be immediately resolved; nay, it would not be too much to expect from this wondrous system, that some light might be thrown even upon that mysterious concatenation of efficient causes, by which the female pennated denizens of the barn-yard, are impelled to give utterance to certain intermittent vocalizations, upon the extrusion of the products of their ovaria, thereby unconsciously